

yours brother; nor for anybody's glory, nor for anybody's circus show of supreme and unspeakable self. May such a Christ own and bless our labors and our brotherhood is my prayer for one. Berlin, Pa.

Essays.

A GHOST TRAP.

BY JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

SINCE youth I have taken great interest in investigating the unseen, being born with a caul over my face. Some say that I have easy communication with the other world. But with all my efforts to investigate, I have never found that place, where the partition between the two world's is so thin that I could see from this into the other.

When a young preacher I was stationed in Baltimore Co., Md. Two of my appointments, Phoenix and Warren, were about a mile and a half apart, separated by a high hill, on top of this hill was a grave yard, and in the midst of the grave yard was an old church, long since forsaken, its doors broken down, its windows broken out, and a few old shutters played with by the wind. Common report said the place was haunted. At midnight a ghost came out of the old church, walked around it and then retired into one of the graves in the yard.

I was holding a protracted meeting at Phoenix, one evening the services were kept up later than usual, because of the great interest manifested. After services we had a social chat, and when I reached the top of the hill, opposite the old grave yard, it was nearly twelve o'clock. Now I thought is the time to investigate and see if the ghost walks abroad at midnight. Fortunately for me my friend who usually accompanied me had been detained this evening and I was alone.

I climbed the fence, went up through the grave yard, walked around the old church, and then took a seat on a slab which covered the mortal portion of some individual. The white head stones and monuments pointed silently toward the twinkling stars. The night breeze sighed through the trees not far away, and now and then, the bang of an old shutter broke the stillness of the hour. My father once preached in that old church, and I thought that many over which the sod rested, heard him answer the question: "If a man die shall he live again?" But not one came from church or grave to break on my meditation. So much for that investigation.

A few years later I was attending lectures in New York City. After the lecture one afternoon, a friend well acquainted in the city asked me to visit with him that evening the celebrated Madam — who would hold a seance, and likely introduce us to some ghostly visitors. I accepted the invitation and at the appointed time visited the place with my friend. The hour had arrived and the room was nearly filled with well dressed men and women. The house was in one of the fashionable parts of New York City. The room was a back parlor, neatly but richly furnished, with no doors except through the front parlor, both of which were on the first floor. There was a fire place on the north side, and in the corner next to the fire place was the cabinet. That is the room where the medium is supposed to stand between this world and the next. This was made by hanging a heavy cloth curtain across the corner, not far from the fire place, the curtain parted in the middle, in the cabinet was a small stool nothing more. Madam — entered her cabinet drew close the curtain, and now all was ready for business.

The gas was turned down low, only one jet burning, it was a dim light, I have my doubts about it being a "dim religious light." The people present formed themselves into a half circle, and sang such hymns as "Jesus lover of my soul," There is a land of pure delight," etc.

I was told this was to make the conditions favorable. It must have been successful, as a man called to the cabinet returned saying he had met his wife who had been dead some weeks. Being a stranger I did not expect to be noticed, but I was called to the cabinet and introduced to a full grown woman, dressed in grave clothes and smelling rather musty. I was told this was my sister, but as my sister died age four, and dead bodies do not grow, I was under the painful necessity of repudiating the relationship, much to their disappointment. A young girl afterwards appeared, and a little girl some eight or nine years of age.

Now here were three characters in the room that were not in the room when the seance commenced, they came from and returned to the cabinet, where did they come from? Those around me said most earnestly they came from the spirit world, through the agency of the medium, I did

not think so. The fire place I have mentioned was closed with a large fan, made from something resembling wall paper, and setting in such a position as to command one part of the fire place and one end of the cabinet was a young man who seemed to be general director of affairs. When I made an examination of the cabinet I had suspicions of that fire place, and kept an eye on it during the performance. I noticed that just before each manifestation there was more or less commotion and rattling in that fire place just back of that fan. From which I drew the inference that there was nothing in that spiritualism. So much for that investigation.

My last investigation occurred in Berlin, Pa. I lived in a house that had once been a hotel in which some said all kind of devilishness had taken place. During my absence on one occasion, the landlord's wife came and asked my wife if she had heard any unusual noise. She then stated the house was haunted and noise unaccountable would be heard, doors would fly open in the night, etc. Those acquainted with the facts understood the motive of the woman. We did not scare. I was just where I wanted to be, in a haunted house, where I could slip up on a ghost, and make it's acquaintance. So I set another trap.

I would suddenly awake from sleep, but I had dreams before I went to Berlin. I heard peculiar noises but every time could trace them to the stables of my neighbors across the way, doors would fly open when no one was near, but on observation it would be found the latches and fastenings were old and worn, and the tread of a mouse would jar them open. It's the same old story, like Madam Blank's seance, there was too much fire place and big fan back of it all.

Since the above was written, there has appeared a new publication: "Real Ghost Stories," by W. T. Stead, "a record of authentic apparitions." His investigations must have been more successful than my own. That there is one ghost that haunts the soul, there is no doubt, of it I may write at another time.

As far as ordinary ghosts are concerned I have come to the conclusion that the old colored brother was right. Those who go to heaven do not want to come back, those who go to hell cannot come back. Ghosts who walk in the flesh are my chief concern.

Carleton, Nebraska.

WHAT AM I DOING FOR CHRIST?

BY C. FORNEY.

WE often talk of preparing to die as though our greatest mission here was to die. Yet we all must and will die, whether prepared or unprepared. The more important question should be: am I preparing to live? What am I doing for Christ? If we live for Christ we can easily die for him. Death is a small consideration. It is what comes after death we should be most concerned about. That depends upon what we are doing for Christ. Not so much upon what I have done, as what I am doing. It is the present.

We are not living in the past nor the future. The past record of our life is entirely dependent upon how we live now. We can not act in the future nor the past. It would be wrong to moan continually over what we should have done, and thus suffer our past mistakes to rob us of the present—the only time we have in which truly to act. We can but sincerely repent of past errors and ask the grace of God in our behalf, and act right in the present. Many are continually talking of what they will do, after a while. If they were doing now what they expect to do, they would, no doubt, be useful men and women. But as they are continually moaning over what was left undone in the past, and what they will do in the future, and do nothing now, their whole life is more than a failure.

A well meaning old brother, some years ago, said to me: "Brother Christ, I sold my farm." To which I replied, "What are you intending to do now?" He answered: "I will go away some distance, buy about forty acres where I have plenty of outdoor pasture and raise young cattle seven or eight years; then I expect to come back and buy one of these farms close to the church." I said, "Brother Jacob, how old are you now? You must be about sixty years old." "Oh, more than that," said he. I then remarked: "I would then understand after you are about seventy years old, you will settle down near the church and serve God the remainder of your life." Such is human nature.

The tired church member will say: "I am tired this morning, I believe I'll not go to Sunday school and church: I was there last Sunday, and I'll go next Sunday," and thus excuses himself on the ground of what he has done and will do.

No. 2 says: "Wife, let us go to Uncle John's.

We ought to go to Sunday school and church, but we have no time on week days, and unless we do go on Sunday we won't get there, and as we were to Sunday school and church last Sunday, and will go next Sunday, I think they ought to excuse us." Lucky for Uncle John. He would never get a visit if it wasn't for Sunday.

No. 3 finds fault because some of the members do not attend and help in the services as they should, and excuses himself from doing his duty; practically following the example of them whom he faults.

No. 4 does not think it is necessary to attend church and Sunday school, and says: "I am no officer; as for the preaching, I've often heard him. I'll try and go next Sunday. Some one might come on a visit and we wouldn't be at home. Anyway I ought to go over to the pasture today and salt the cattle and colts. I'll be busy through the week, and unless I do it today, it won't be done."

No. 5 gets up unusually early one Sunday morning, and says, "Come, Sally, get up. We'll get ready and go to church today. I just thought it would be such a good chance to tell Joe and Fred I want them to come and help us thresh next Wednesday. If I don't go to church so I can tell them, I would have to spend some week day, and I can't take the time."

Jesus says, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And at twelve years old he said to his mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Dear friend, did it ever occur to your mind that God holds you responsible for the service you owe him? That no one can do your duty to God? And that unless you attend to that yourself, it will remain undone? It is in the present you must act. Ask yourself the important question: "What am I doing now for Christ?" What you did last Sunday and will do next Sunday will not do your work for today. The time we idle away or misapply we must account for. To pray God to give us our daily bread and then refuse to eat now; depending upon what we have eaten a week ago, and what we expect to eat a week from now, would soon bring physical ruin.

And the same principle would bring spiritual weakness and ultimate ruin.

In every Christian organization each member forms a part; carrying with it interest and duty accordingly, and should impressively feel that no one can take care of their interest but themselves, whether in the prayer meeting, Sunday school or church services. Each member should be interested, even more than if it were a moneyed interest. May God grant us grace that we may be able to do what we can for Christ and his cause, and at last gain a home in heaven.

Beaver City, Neb.

MORE ABOUT THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY J. B. LAIR.

IN an article last winter I made reference to the Holy Spirit as "God's influence." Several writers rushed into print to call me down, and I have no doubt these writers came forward with honest convictions, and an idea of a general support of their views. This however does not effect the case in the least. If they have voiced the general view on the subject, that does not prove that it is right, and so far as I am concerned, I would much prefer to stand alone in the right than with the multitude in the wrong. These writers seem to think that correct views on the subject are very necessary and so do I, and if it is, let us get right—let us carry this investigation just far enough to see where the error lies.

Then to the subject. God fills the immensity of space, but not as many God's, but as one true, eternal, great and all-sufficient God. This however cannot be said of any other being in existence. Jesus Christ never occupied but one place at a time while on earth, nor does he yet. He is seated on the right hand of God now, and that is the place that the Bible says he is. Remember that I am talking of the person now, strictly—I am not talking about God's or Christ's power. It is unnecessary to distinguish in this particular. If Jesus Christ did not, and does not, and cannot occupy but one place at a time—and I assent that he cannot—as a person, can the Holy Spirit occupy more than one place at one and the same time?

One writer, in fact two assert that "The Holy Spirit is a person," and I positively assent that no person, according to the law of this universe, can occupy more than one place at one and the same time. Nor is there any Scripture or rule of logic that proves that it can. Hence your position on that point is untenable. One writer after saying that the Holy Spirit is a person—said that he had a body to dwell in, and that body was the body of the true believer who virtually say here that one person dwells in another person you certainly